

THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

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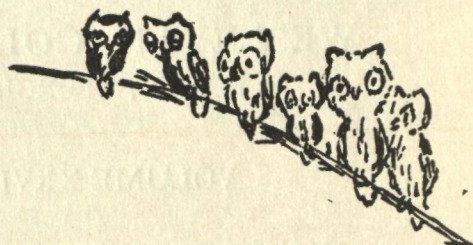
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Foreword

Into this its last issue of THE WESLEYAN the staff has tried to put its very best efforts. Like those who run a race we have received a new impetus from being near the goal.

And now, fair readers, farewell!

In Appreciation

of

Mrs. Alice Culler Cobb, alumna and professor of English for forty years.

She gave her best
to Wesleyan

And the College is richer in ideals because
she has lived,

THE WESLEYAN staff dedicates this issue of
the magazine.



MRS. ALICE CULLER COBB

*She came through life and its prizes won,
Yet was not tired when her task was done;
Into the shadow with face aglow
She went the way we all must go;
And with no regret, nor with tears nor pain,
But as one coming into her own again.*

—ANONYMOUS.

In Maytime

*In Maytime, so the poets say,
When rippling streams begin to play,
And birds soar light on wings so gay,
The seed of love is sown.*

*Somehow it seems that love and joy,
The arts of nature do employ,
To show at best the maiden coy,
To fervent eyes of youth.*

*Oh, were it not for love's sweet note,
The lithesome bird pours from its throat,
And lads to lassies tender quote,
How sad the world would be.*

*For harmony to be complete
Must never lose a single beat,
The loss of love would be defeat,
In life's full chord of song.*

*The heart of man is but a lyre,
Which melody and love inspire,
The tunes change oft to fit desire
Across the strings of life.*

—FRANCES HORNER.

Sunny Carolina Days

By FAIRFID MONSALVATGE

AUNT Caroline sat in her private office and sighed contentedly. Everything had gone smoothly that morning. She had had no trouble with the probationers and young Dr. Terrel had given her no further trouble in his love affair with nurse Rosemary. She sighed again. Aunt Caroline, beloved matron of the Oglethorpe Emergency Hospital, liked for things to go smoothly! Her peace was disturbed, however, by swift rubber-soled feet and a rather frightened girlish voice.

"Miss Stuart, you're wanted in the A ward, please. A bad automobile accident."

"Yes, my dear. I'll be with you in a moment." And she rose with a purpose in her kind face, for Aunt Caroline prided herself on meeting emergencies.

.....

"And I can't go on with my experiment?" abject misery and cold despair were in that sentence, and the words kept ringing in Aunt Caroline's ears. She could see him sitting in his chair with cold sweat on his brow and his fists clenched. If she didn't find some way to remove the strain, Duane Nash would go crazy, she feared. All Washington sympathized with Aunt Caroline Stuart over her latest patient, a young Canadian doctor who was in Washington presenting his newest theory to officials there. He was young, eager to be at his work, and elated with the success of his learning. On his way back to the hotel he had stepped in

front of one of the lumbering sight-seeing busses and lost consciousness until he awoke in Aunt Caroline's sunniest room.

"Can you tell us about it, lad?" she asked, and he told her, not knowing his pitiable state.

Paralysis, hopeless paralysis from the hips down, they had told him finally as kindly as they could, and he had shown himself a man. But the strain, the despair was slowly killing him, and Aunt Caroline realized something must be done. Something must hush that cry in her ears, and she believed she had found a way.

Down in the North Carolina hills was a cabin of logs that smelled of pine, and balsam and cedar. It was Lodge "Here - We - Rest" that spoke of rest, peace and quiet; not too large and not too small; wonderfully equipped for a summer's vacation, and its owners were Anne and Dick Mayer, Aunt Caroline's own twin niece and nephew. Their mother had died when they were three and Aunt Caroline had been their adored guardian. She resolved to make them worth while, and content, in spite of the Mayer's millions and social heritage; she had succeeded admirably well. Anne was an efficient nurse trained by Aunt Caroline. She was the marvel of the social butterflies who sought her company. She had the gift of saying the right thing and of knowing when to keep silent. Dick was the pride of his

adoring twin, and aunt; he was an author of promise who had already donated several books to the press; clear, thinking books that were gaining attention. They were both at the lodge now, Anne storing energy for the Washington winter season, and Dick finishing his new book. They would be glad to take in Duane Nash, and Anne would see to his comfort, particularly that he should get the quiet he needed. They were used to Aunt Caroline's eccentricities; last year it was the Hungarian orphan that she couldn't bear to send back to the home. And again, Aunt Caroline sighed happily, for she had found a way.



the beauty of the blue hills. Anne kept him outside as much as she could. On the great porch he would stare into the distance where the earth jumped up to meet the sky in a tall, blue hill, and the pain would not be quite so hard to bear. But there were times when everything grew black around him and he saw none of God's wonders. His hands would clench spasmodically and he would grow tense with agony. His hopes, his ambitions, his youth—ruined in one careless step. It was the big tree where the trail curved that helped to bring him back to himself. Strong and straight it was, and it had mastered

many a storm.

• • • • •
Duane Nash's first impression of North Carolina, strangely enough, was the quiet depths of Anne Mayer's soft, dark eyes. Attendants had brought him up the steps and she had risen to greet him, without showing the pity she felt, for which Duane was forever thankful. So simply had she welcomed him, that he hardly realized that all the greetings were over, and he was alone in the big room that he was to call his. He had dreaded those meetings, had been afraid she would gush over him but all of his fears had been groundless, for Anne was a perfect nurse and hostess.

Gradually the strangeness wore off, and Duane found himself admiring

Such pain can not last forever, and calm, sunny Lodge "Here-We-Rest" soothed the hurt in Duane's heart. The great peace of the hills had called him back, with the aid of the quiet eyes of a girl. He became great friends with Dick and Anne and talked to them about himself. Their six o'clock suppers on the porch were gay occasions and more than once Duane's rich laugh rang out at Dick's antics.

Often he found his eyes following the slender figure of Anne as she went back and forth. She was forever busy—now on the porch ministering to his comfort, now in the yard feeding her pet chicks, now running down to the lake for her

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Disenchantment

'Twas a foolish little castle,
 Builted on a cloud,
Hung with pale wistaria,
 'Neath honeysuckle bow'd.
In the garden, willows wept;
 Nightingales sang clear;
Frooked in rainbow wonderings,
 I waited for you, dear.

You came—But O! your footstep
 Was all for ev'ryday:
The night bird hushed his trilling;
 Startled willows 'gan to sway;
My dreams to moonbeam mem'ries shrank;
 And when you spoke aloud—
You wafted it away to mist,
 My castle on the cloud!

— M. K. R., '25.

The Magic Pearls

By MAUDE McGEHEE

EVERY midsummer eve, just at sunset, the little Wishman sits on a gate post and grants the wishes of both fairies and mortals. This midsummer eve the sun had nearly set, the crickets chirped drowsily, and a soft breeze fanned the sleepy flowers. The Wishman sat on the gate post stroking the bright red feather on his pointed cap.

"No wishes this evening?" he mused, "How very strange!"

He jumped to his feet and pulled his cap over his ears ready to go, when a small voice spoke.

"Oh, little Wishman, I have a wish."

He wheeled around on one toe and looked about. Before him stood a tiny elf, with a brown dress and an acorn cap.

"What do you wish, little one?" he asked as he took off his cap and bowed politely. The little elf clasped her hands and her eyes shone.

"Oh, I want to be of use in the world!" she cried. The little Wishman scratched his head.

"Strange," he murmured, "you are the first elf to ask such. Nevertheless,



take this pearl and every time you do a kind deed a pearl will be added to this one. But you must keep on wishing and working for two more summers and, finally you may get your reward. He doffed his cap and catching a late bee, rode off.

The little elf stood there with the pearl in her hand. The stars had hung out their lanterns when she slipped it into her pocket. That night she crept into a magnolia blossom to sleep. When she awoke she was in a dark room. There were no gay sunbeams to play with and everything was quiet. She

crept out and drew aside the curtain. The sunbeams danced in and the warm breeze wafted in the odors of the flowers.

"O," said the sick woman, "I feel so much better."

The little elf slipped away happily and inside her pocket lay two pearls instead of one. As she sped along she came to a pool. The lilies nodded to her in the shadows: "Come, sing to us," they called.

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Ballads

By ELIZABETH BASKERVILLE

"**H**ERE and there in old English literature are found unrecorded tales; tales, not written, but sung; tales composed, not for the gentlefolk, but for the common, unlettered people." These are the ballads, or stories, told in song.

The history of these early English ballads has always been an extremely obscure subject. No doubt the Angles and Saxons had them when they invaded Briton. It has been proved that ballads existed from the dawn of English history down to the seventeenth century, altho the ballads collected practically begin with the fifteenth century. One ballad, "Judas," has been traced to the thirteenth century. The historical interest of this poem is considerable, since nothing else so ballad-like is to be found for nearly two centuries afterward. This shows such songs very seldom were written down, since what the people sang was only recorded by accident. For these two centuries ballads were no doubt circulating from mouth to mouth, nobody caring to commit them to writing. The old ballad, "St. Stephen and Herod" may be as old as "Judas" but it did not achieve the perpetuity of pen and ink until about two hundred years later. In printed versions, the linguistic forms may be much older than the date of publication. The date of the first edition of the "Gest of Robyn Hood" is fifteen hundred, but these ballads were mentioned in *Piers Plowman*, showing they were in circulation at the end of the fourteenth century.

Therefore a sharp distinction must be made between the date of the book or manuscript in which the ballad appears, and the ballad itself.

It is impossible to cite documentary evidence for every step taken in the history of the ballads. All countries and all stages of civilization are represented in the material brought in by scholars, so what perished in one country often survived in another. The antiquity of ballads, then, may clearly be seen. A few of the older ballads are found in printed copies of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Miscellanies of the seventeenth century preserve a number of texts, ballads beginning then to abound. Then the collectors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries became enthusiastic over the revival of the ballads and to them are due the majority of the texts we now possess.

Ballads come from three sources. Classical accounts, legends, and the historical event itself. The matter of source is to be settled for the narrative part of each individual ballad. This does not affect the origin of ballads, however. They originated among the common people, and were cherished, circulated and handed down among the common people. They had no individual author, but were the expression of a community. The theory of communal authorship has been generally accepted. An assembly of folk might gather after a hunt or battle, the deeds being sung, dancing accompanying the singing. Different members of the

throng, one after the other, chanted his own verse, composed on the spur of the moment, all contributing to make one long song. This was communal composition, although each separate verse was the work of an individual author. But the whole ballad was made by the whole assembly, the folk being its author. Then a new process began, that of oral transmission. As the ballad passed from singer to singer, it changed unceasingly. Old stanzas were dropped and new ones added; rhymes were altered, portions of other ballads worked their way in; names of characters were varied. Finally, if transmitted for several centuries, the ballad became entirely different from its original composition. Scholars at one time ascribed the authorship of ballads to professional minstrels. Such ballads as have been recovered from oral tradition have not (except now and then) given evidence of minstrel authorship. They were almost always found in the possession of the simple folk, the property of the people, not of a single class or guild of entertainers. Some of the songs were composed by the traveling minstrels, it is true, but the main connection they had with the ballads was that of carrying them from community to community, since it was their business to know all the forms of popular songs.

There are certain characteristics of the ballads which set them aside as a distinct type of literature. These characteristics mark a true ballad, among which refrain is the most dominant. In most cases, it is an alternating refrain, dealing with a single situation. It may be a question, the answer being an exact repetition in the identical words of the question. There is an incremental

repetition, in which certain words are repeated within the line. The sing-song type of refrain and repetition is called the mnemonic device. Nearly all ballads possess the incremental repetition, but very few have the mnemonic device.

Dialogue is another general feature of ballads. The story is told by a series of questions and answers between two people. There are conventional epithets, often found in ballads. For instance, "gold" is always "red gold"; "ladies" are "gay ladies"; "merry men of Robin Hood"; and the "good green wood." These epithets are nearly always alliterative. Indeed, alliteration plays a large part in ballads, most of the refrains are alliterative, the incremental repetition almost always so.

Ballads give intimate touches of nature in many cases. Some of them are melancholy, the nature descriptions bringing out this element, giving an atmosphere of sorrow and death. Most ballads possess the super-natural element, that of ghosts, the return of the ghost to the grave when the cock crows. Love enters into this, too, but generally it is an unrequited love, accompanied by wild pathos, or grief. There is an abrupt energy of narrative in most of these ballads. No wealth of details, no complicated situations, but simplicity, a common characteristic.

The structure of ballads is essentially the same in all, although some few may differ in one or more respects. This common form is that of the quatrain, or stanza of four lines, with the regular ballad meter, tetrameter, trimeter and the rhyming scheme, a-b-c-b. That is, the first and third lines have four feet, the second and fourth only three. The

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The Budding Poets

(*Freshman Corner*)

A CHALLENGE

Morn is here; awake my spirit!

Rise—shake off the dreams of night,
Put upon your carefree shoulders
Armour for the coming fight;

Be prepared to launch your battle,
Be of courage and of cheer,
You will surely be victorious,
You, my soul, will know no fear;

With the dawning comes new power
For the duties of the day,
Arise! my soul, Put on your armour
Victory surely comes your way.

—AMELIA MACALISTER.

* * *

IT'S GREAT TO BE A GEORGIAN

Oh! it's spring time down in Georgia,
An' the peachtrees are in bloom
An' it feels like good ole summer
Is 'er coming mighty soon.

Down in Georgia we are happy
List'ning to the birdies sing,
Oh! it's great to be a Georgian—
How those good ole words do ring!

The plow boy's whistle's ringing
With a merry lilting tune,
For he's glad to be a Georgian—
An' summer's coming soon.

—MARTHA SLADE.

A WHISPER OF HOME

The moon shines down on Biscayne Bay
In gleams of silv'ry light,
That turn the darkness into day,
And beautify the night.

The palm trees gently wave their arms
That droop against the sky,
And lend their lovely, mystic charms,
While in the breeze they sigh.

This is the place I long to be
Where frolic has her sway,
Down South in ole Miami,
Way down on Biscayne Bay.

—MARY EDNA DOWLING.

* * *

SPRING

No more shall gloomy Winter reign
O'er earth and sea and sky,
There's nothing more to Winter's gain,
For Spring is drawing nigh.

With queenly beauty rare comes she
With birds and trees and flow'rs,
With murm'ring streams that sing for
me,
And April with its show'rs.

O happy is each time of Spring,
The happiest of the year;
Our hearts are light and gaily ring
With mem'ries and tho'ts dear.

—MARIAN ARNALL.

And the Sun Rose

DOROTHY M. MCKAY

WHAT a glorious day it was! The cool morning breezes blew softly through her curly, bobbed hair. The air was fresh from the blue-gray sea. Miles of green pastures stretched before her. Cows and horses grazed in cool fields by babbling brooks. Lazy, downy clouds floated about in the blue sky. Prince and Phyllis both felt that all was right with the world.

From the distance came the sound of another horse's hoofs. Phyllis wondered who among the country folk would arise so early to take a peaceful morning ride. Her curiosity was not so great as to cause her to stop, but she slowed up just a little in hopes that the rider would overtake her.

Then came a branch in the road, one tributary led out to the left, the other to the right. She had never been over either, so she took the left. What a change of road! Around the first bend, around the second. On one side were the usual green pastures, but on the other a gully stretched between the left fork and the right, a deep rocky gully with a stream of water through the center.

What a lonely stretch of country, not a lazy grazing cow, not a house top, only road, pasture and precipice. Suddenly before her loomed a fence built across the road. Prince had been going at a terrific rate and he was at the fence before he realized it. He had once hurdled—he jumped—the ground seemed to be slipping away—up, over and down again—but no, his foot slipped and the world fell away—and then came darkness.

Phyllis slowly opened her eyes. What was the matter with her head? Some one was beating on it with hammers. Her arms were stiff and she could not feel any legs at all. Something was trickling down her cheek. Strange noises buzzed near her ears.

She was lifted gently and carried a great distance. She found her rescuer to be a young man in riding habit. He must have been the unknown rider behind her. She closed her eyes and lapsed again into unconsciousness.

When again she opened her blue eyes she found herself in a strange room with strange voices about her.

"Where am I?" she asked faintly.

Some one came to the bedside. It was the young man who had found her. He was dressed in white now and had a serious look on his handsome face.

"Where am I?" she repeated.

"At Glensdale," he answered.

"Glensdale?"

"Yes, Glensdale, the home of Doctor John Frankfort."

"Oh!! Are you Dr. Frankfort?"

"No, I am his son, but I hope to be a doctor some day and be known as young Dr. Frankfort." He smiled, a small cheerful smile. "Now be quiet and don't talk too much just at first."

"But, doctor, will I die?"

"Oh, no, indeed, you have no chance of dying."

"But, doctor, have you cut off my legs?"

"No, they were hurt by your fall."

"Oh!"

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On Advertising: A Serious Dissertation

By MAMIE HARMON

TIME was, back in the good old days before advertising got to be the favorite American pastime, when our worthy grandsires used to wag their silvered locks and speak with all due reverence of the many milestones they had passed in a figurative sort of fashion. A poet needed no more recommendation to the trading public than one small effusion on the subject of milestones, even when he was forced to resort to "cornpones" as an adequate and suitable rhyme. Artists, too, spent weary days and nights in draping artistic tendrils of unheard of vines over stiff representations of these venerable landmarks. Even I can remember how eagerly in my youth I used to count each numbered post as it passed, either on the roadside or in the shape of a birthday. But, alas! The day of milestones is no more! No more will that welcome signal cheer the weary traveler! Only the most patient antiquarian is able to stumble occasionally now upon a mouldy and dilapidated post, and then it is only after an endless search through a wilderness . . . of signboards.

Signboards everywhere! They multiply faster than the celebrated guinea pigs. And they never disappear. Great cities have moulded and decayed since signboards first took possession of the trackless wastes of highways, yet these great pioneers still stand, a lasting monument, glaring defiance at Shelley himself, or whoever it was that bemoaned in lengthy verses the mutability of all things. And each new member of

the tribe is as faithful to the calling as his worthy ancestor, perched on the post just above him.

Yes, they are everywhere! I, myself, counted over a hundred within thirty feet of roadside the other day out at that place where they call four bridges seven. They shriek at you in red and yellow from the treetops; they howl at you from old stumps in the bottom of the marsh—no man knows how they got there; they glare boldly from the opposite bank. Every tree bows in shame at having a terrific war of colors waged furiously at its very feet. Telephone poles are shaken to their foundations by the weight of rusty tin, worm-eaten wood, peeling paint, and shreds of old paper flapping in the wind.

The weary traveler looks anxiously for directions at the cross-roads and becomes frantically bewildered between a huge wooden figure, which points ominously down one road, and an enormous rubber tire, which persists in rolling down the other. When the "tired business man" goes out to enjoy the beauties of nature, he finds his view of the landscape intercepted by constant reminders of his indigestion in the shape of advertisements of remedies popular in the last century. He is beset on all sides with importunate splotches of red and black, insisting that his pet aversions have the finest flavor extant.

It is quite true that the relics of the last generation attribute the evils of the

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“Roses”

By HELOISA MARINHO

A FLICKERING oil lamp faintly burning before an image of the virgin threw quivering shadows on the walls and ceiling of the deserted class room, where a sixteen-year old girl was alone with an open catechism before her. There was a distant look in her clear, hazel eyes as she gazed through the open window. The warm March wind brought echoes of laughter and fragrance of roses kissed her brow, but she did not feel the light, gentle breeze, for her thoughts were far, far away—

Suddenly her eyes sparkled with a new life as she heard well-known footsteps cautiously tip-toeing down the long corridor. A dark-eyed and black-haired little damsel poked her head through the half-open door and said:

“My dear Vera, have you been staying in here all the afternoon?”

“Yes, all the afternoon,” sighed Vera, “I just can’t learn this lesson,” then shrugging her shoulders, she added: “But what do I care this won’t last long. Tomorrow is my birthday. I’ll go home and then . . .”

“And then what?” asked little dark-eyed Laura with a knowing look.

“And then . . . Oh, Laura, I must tell you first about his letter,” exclaimed Vera, her eyes sparkling with excitement.



“His letter? How on earth did you get a letter from him into this ‘holy place?’” Laura asked curiously.

“Sh— sh— sh—, Laura, be more careful, are you sure nobody can hear us?” cautioned Vera. Then she continued, “Well the gardener gave Mario’s letter to me just before I came to class and that is

why . . .”

“You did not know your lesson,” explained Laura quickly.

“Yes, and you would not have known it either if you had been in my place,” laughed Vera. “Think, Laura, he wrote me I would have a surprise tomorrow. I wonder what it is going to be . . .”

Tossing her head back with a little vain smile, Vera said naively, “Oh, he loves me so, and—he thinks I’m pretty. I can’t wait to put on my new dress, I know he will like it.” Then glancing at her plain checked dress and black apron she remarked contemptuously: “Believe me this ugly uniform is going to stay in the darkest corner of the house when I am at home! Oh, I do wish I never had to put it on again!”

“Maybe you won’t,” consoled Laura. “You know I think Mario will ask you to . . .”

“Don’t, don’t, Laura, father would never give his consent. He must never, never find out about Mario and I, until

—well, until he changes his old fashioned ideas about politics,” said Vera, an anxious look creeping into her eyes.

“Politics, how do you know your father and Mario won’t agree on politics?”

“Oh, father is so queer! Ever since my sister, Annita, ran away with a revolutionary officer, he can not bear to hear anybody make the slightest criticism of our government.”

“So Mario sides with the revolution, does he?” inquired Laura.

“I am afraid he does,” admitted Vera, a little worried. “I once heard him sing a certain disrespectful carnival song about our president.”

“Vera, Vera,” said Laura shaking her head with a smile, “you worry too much. “As for me,” she added turning up her nose, “I don’t pay any attention to these troublesome politics.”

But Vera could not quite join in the optimism of her gay little friend. Her father had taught her to reverence authority and in her timid, girlish way a carnival song deriding the president seemed almost a sacrilege.

.

Half hidden among the roses which overgrew the spacious veranda, Vera waited the following afternoon. A delicate dress of hand-made lace had taken the place of the checked uniform, and the hair dress of conventional simplicity had given way to a mass of soft brown curls. The glow of beauty, which nature bestows on those who are in love, was on her cheeks, casting an anxious look at her wrist watch she looked about wistfully. Mario had not come yet— and— it was almost time for

her father’s return. What could be the matter— This was the first time he had failed to come when she expected him. The last gleam of hope died from her eyes when she saw her father coming down the street. Biting her lips in disappointment she ran up to her room.

Vera had lost her mother early, being naturally timid, a strict paternal discipline, and her education in a convent had awed her into fear and submission. The elopement of her sister, Annita, had made her father unrelenting towards falling in love, which he considered as being one of the faults of youth. As a child, Vera had witnessed his violent outbreak of anger over her sister’s deed. Since that time she had always dreaded her father’s temper and had tried to conceal from him all that she thought might displease him.

But Cupid will play tricks on the best of us and Vera was no exception. When one is young and pretty such things will happen in spite of old fashioned fathers who have queer ideas on love and politics. Red roses thrown through the open window at which she was embroidering, secret messages hidden in a certain crevice of the garden wall, and a few glances full of meaning, had sufficed to fill her girlish fancies with all the joys and sorrows of love.

Vera had not been by herself long when she heard the heavy footsteps of her old nurse Anna coming up the steps.

“D. Vera, D. Vera, here are some roses, some pretty roses for you,” said Anna coming in.

Vera started, red roses, her favorite flowers. Who could be sending them to her? In a moment, she forgot her grief

and bending eagerly over the glowing blossoms, she looked for a message.

"To my Vera
from your
Mario"

she read, with a mixed feeling of rapture and astonishment. So he had not forgotten her after all. Every red rose seemed to speak to her of his love, and she wondered how she ever could have doubted her Mario. But her happiness did not last long. With fear lurking in her eyes, Vera turned to Anna and asked curtly:

"Did father see these flowers come in?"

"Yes, D. Vera," nodded Anna, a broad grin dying from her kind, black face. "Yes, D. Vera, I saw him tipping the boy who brought them."

"What shall I do, father will find out everything! Nobody has ever sent me any flowers. I just know he is going to find out who sent them to me," cried Vera helplessly. Sitting down on her bed she patted her foot nervously, much to the bewilderment of poor Anna.

The door bell rang calling Anna downstairs, and Vera was left alone. Why had Mario betrayed their secret? What would her father do? Vera thought and thought, but, as she could not find any solution to these questions she bravely resolved to go downstairs and face whatever would happen, with the firm determination to be true to Mario.

Her fears had apparently been well founded. Her father, Sr. Garcia, and his visitor, Sr. Penna, were in a lively discussion on politics. Sr. Garcia was a strong, well-built man, whose frowning brow and powerful hands betrayed a

will of iron. Hardly giving his partner a chance to talk he vehemently accused the present generation of revolutionary youths.

"A pack of rascals these people are. They want to destroy our government, and pray what have they to offer in its stead? Nothing, nothing!" Sr. Garcia slammed his fist so hard upon the table that the windowpanes clattered. Sr. Penna started to make a remark but his loquacious friend continued:

"How different it was in my days! There was my friend, Sr. Dias, a man who could stop the revolutionists before they had time to kill a single man. What our country needs to-day, are men like that! Believe me, my daughter Vera, never shall marry anyone who has anything to do with revolutionary outlaws!"

Vera trembled as she heard these words. It seemed to her that each of her father's invectives was aimed at Mario. As she tried to lean against a small table to regain her self-control, she upset a vase. The sound made Sr. Garcia turn, but heated by the discussion, he failed to notice Vera's pale cheeks and quivering lips.

"My child," he said in a benevolent tone, "never mind that vase. Go and bring us some of the candy you made this morning." "Sr. Penna," he explained turning to his friend, "this little girl is not one of the modern flappers, who do not know anything about housekeeping. I have seen to it that she is brought up in the good old fashioned way." "Sr. Penna," he added confidentially after Vera had left, "that child deserves a good husband. As a matter of fact, I have already selected him. This afternoon—" Vera

(Continued on page 37)

The Call of Spring

*The long white road that winds over the hill
 And passes our cottage small,
 Brings a song of the beautiful things
 That have answered Spring's first call.*

*And I sit and dream of the cities beyond
 That lie in the east far away,
 And the little white road, as it passes, says, "Come."
 But the little green cottage says, "Stay."*

*The long white road tells of blooming peach-trees
 And of million of birds that sing,
 Of violets, daisies, and fields of corn
 That have answered the call of Spring.*

*But 'round my door the daffodils bloom,
 And the bees hum in the grasses,
 And they hear the call that the little road brings
 And they nod as the little road passes.*

*So I sit and dream of the 'waking of Spring
 Spring here and far away,
 And the little white road, as it passes, says, "Come."
 But the little green cottage says, "Stay."*

—DOROTHY M. MCKAY.

BALLADS

(Continued from page 12)

first and third lines do not rhyme as do the second and fourth. In the old riddle ballads, each stanza was a couplet, rhymed.

There are a great many kinds of ballads. Riddles played an important part in popular story, and were very popular among the common people of England. They were simpler than the old English riddles, which are related to riddle ballads and which were asked and answered at the communal dances in many countries. The largest class of these tales is that in which one party has to guess another's riddles, with a severe penalty for failure to compete. They possess the ballad characteristic of dialogue. The best example which may be given for this type is the old ballad, "Riddles Wisely Expounded."

Many ballads come under the supernatural type. In "William and Margaret" and "Sweet William's Ghost" the ghost element enters. In these the unrequited lover returns to condemn the false one. In "Hind Hron" one finds the tale told of the super-natural and miraculous wonders of a magic ring. "The Twa Magicians" and "Kemp Owyne" are transformation ballads, the heroes possessing the power of transforming themselves into animal forms. "The Wife of Usher's Well" is the best of all the super-natural ballads, dignified, pathetic, reticent.

The border or historical ballads are recited rather than sung, epic in all details and purposes. It is best found in those pieces which became traditional along the Scottish border. They deal with warfare mainly, and are based on true tradition. "Cheviot" and "The

Battle of Otterburn" are two of the best border ballads.

The greenwood ballads tell the different adventures in the life of Robyn Hood. Of one other greenwood ballad, "Johnie Cock," Professor Child says, "It is a precious specimen of the unspoiled traditional ballad. A single situation and event, it contrasts sharply with a long story like the "Gest of Robyn Hood."

"The Gest of Robyn Hood" is an actual epic poem. Robyn Hood is the hero of this sterling little epic, absolutely the creation of a ballad muse. He possesses a definite personality throughout. The gest drew him as generous, brave, pious, with a touch of melancholy and humor. The narrative art of the ballad is very high."

The ballads of domestic tragedy seldom content themselves with the dramatic crises, but deal with a more intricate plot, furnish the details lacking in other types of ballads, and even add a store of romantic incidents. It looms large in all European tradition where men are set in classes or families. "Tradition at its purest, an appeal to which few readers fail in responding, characterize the great ballads of domestic tragedy."

There are complications of kin, seen in "Childe Maurice," "The Cruel Brother" and "The Twa Brothers." There is the tragedy of the false mistress, of the false wife, of the false servant. Some of these were founded on fact. Two of the best domestic tragedy ballads are "Fair Annie" and "Bewick and Graham."

Ballads of the funeral, expression of the form of communal grief, are rarely

(Continued on page 28)

EDITORIAL

Wesleyan Staff

1925-1926

| | |
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| MAMIE HARMON | <i>Catch-All Editor</i> |

N. B.—The present staff wishes to express their appreciation for the assistance rendered by the new staff in compiling this issue of the magazine.

The Great Highway

(THE SENIORS' FAREWELL)

When our last school days are ended, we feel that something is gained; something lost. The gain is many, many miles along the roadway of life, which comes to its turning and is marked by the milestone of graduation. The loss is an indescribable feeling that we will not come that way again.

The broad wide pavement of college days broadens into the highway of Service. The Master said, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." For every mile of Service demanded of us, we learn to go two.

But the rutted roads, who are they for? For those who live for self! The narrow intellect with a narrower heart, these travel the rough narrow road which finally terminates in a barren waste of life, with a vast expanse of stubble of discontent and rank weeds of discord.

Whether the path be narrow or wide is for our choosing as we leave; and so this is farewell. To our Alma Mater! You have enriched us with traditions, you have prepared us with training, you have nurtured us with right ideals, and finally you have given us back to the world refined by your firing and polishing.

The loss asserts itself in an insidious way. There is nothing in the world which gives so much and takes so little as college; but still the feeling lingers. A care for the sweet communion and fellowship with kindred minds; a tear for the joy of being with those who understand; and a fear at passing from the known and loved to the unknown and strange. In a word it is just that tinge of regret that comes with every turn in the road of life when every step of the road behind has been filled with the fullest life, and the road ahead broadens into the uncertain future, though it be golden and more rich than one could dream.

And so farewell! We have made our mistakes and errors; had our tears and heartaches; caused pain where there should have been comfort; but we've had our share of the happiness. Of such is life made, and who are a few Seniors to change it? We can but say we've done our best, "and angels could do no more."

Fairyland

By ISABELLA HARRIS.

Who would not give all he possessed to enter fairyland again, to find mysteries in running brooks, elfs in common valley lilies, and wood nymphs beneath each bit of mossy turf?

It's the mystery of living, after all, which makes life worth while. If the road of life had no curves, no corners, no unexpected valleys nor rugged slopes, more weary plodders would drop by the wayside. As it is, the mystery in life crystallizes its beauty.

Perhaps that is why children are happier than grown-ups. For them a fairy existence with all its mysterious allurements is entirely possible, more than probable. They are guiltless of skepticism, innocent of cynicism. Children believe in fairies. "Before ye may enter the Kingdom of God," spoke a great Master once, "ye must become as a little child."

It's a faith in the visionary and the ideal, which sets children apart from grown-ups and makes their existence radiantly happy.

For most of us "Alice in Wonderland" opens up vistas of childhood, brings again the love of mystery, of adventure without reason. Just so the title of Miss Mary Culler White's book, "Portal of Wonderland," touches long-forgotten keys of child-like faith and trust and hope. That the Portal of Wonderland is WESLEYAN COLLEGE, entered by our own Alice Cobb, makes the book all the more significant.

Aside from love of the author, appreciation of her generous motive, eagerness to read about WESLEYAN and one of her greatest professors, WESLEYAN girls felt a desire to revel again in the land of mystery. The three hundred thirty-four copies which they ordered immediately upon knowledge of the book is a tribute to the author, to her love for WESLEYAN, her skill in writing the volume, and above all her wonderful perspicuity in giving her creation a name which reveals and conceals, allures because of its mysterious and romantic sound.

WESLEYAN students are looking forward with all eagerness and anticipation to the coming of Miss Mary Culler's book, "The Portal of Wonderland."

Exchange Department

By FRANCES CATER

Lander College Erothesian.

THE general make-up of the Lander College Erothesian is rather attractive because of its clever pen sketches and good distribution of stories and poetry. The wood cuts are unusual for a college magazine but they add greatly to its attractiveness. The criticism by Mary Clarkson of the life and writings of Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman is very good. The words are well chosen and the comments are to the point and very applicable. The short editorial on "Spring Time" is very unique in its conception and is well written. The titles of many of the stories are rather weak but the staff is to be congratulated on its March issue which is a decided improvement over the previous issues.

* * * * *

The DePauw Magazine.

The May issue of the DePauw magazine is very creditable. The short story, by Esther Felt, "Better Fifty Years of Henry," which won the Doubleday-Page-O. Henry Contest in Short Story last year at DePauw University is splendid. The style is charming and the diction is very good. The author has the talent held by so few college students; that of making perfect contiguity. The article on "Note Taking" is a rather clever description of the habits adopted by most students sooner or later. The Book Nook is an excel-



lent collection of reviews of new novels by some of the most popular novelists and this section is quite a commendable feature of the magazine. The magazine as a whole is good though a few pen sketches would relieve the monotony of story and poem. The staff

might also make a great improvement by adding more short stories and essays to its repertoire.

* * * * *

The Pine Branch, G. S. W. C.

The Pine Branch for March is not up to the standard set for college publications, especially in its poetry and short stories. "The Sacrifice," by Evelyn Brown, is well written, quite melodramatic throughout, with a surprising conclusion in which the supposed lover breaks up all of the heroine's plans for sacrifice by his failure to propose. "Eventide to Early Morn," a translation from Virgil's Aeneid by Shirley Gaskins, is a good and rhythmic translation.

* * * * *

THE WESLEYAN acknowledges the receipt of the following: *The Lander College Erothesian*, *The Panorama*, *The Mount Holyoke Monthly*, *The DePauw Magazine*, *The Pine Branch*, *The Emory Phoenix*, *The Tatler*, *The Aurora*, *The Wofford College Journal*.

Alumnae Links

IN MEMORY
OF
MRS. HELEN C. PLANE

Born 1829; Died April 24, 1925

Wesleyan Girls Who Have Become Famous:

By FRANCES PEABODY

THE PORTAL OF WONDERLAND

(A Book Review)

IN dedicating this issue of THE WESLEYAN to Mrs. Alice Culler Cobb it is most fitting that the Alumnae Links should contain her biography, but who of us could add a word to the beautiful story of this life, transcendent, as written by Miss Mary Culler White, her niece.

In reviewing Miss White's book *The Portal of Wonderland*, or *The Life Story of Alice Culler Cobb*, we pay tribute to two of Wesleyan's daughters who have become famous. Miss White has written the book for Wesleyan. First, for Wesleyan to know her great daughter, Mrs. Cobb; and second, for Wesleyan to reap the benefits of its sale. The royalties from the book are all to go to Wesleyan to pay the Greater Wesleyan quota for Mrs. Cobb, Miss Mitt, who is well-known to the readers of the book, and Miss White's niece.

The missionaries in China do not know Miss White, the authoress; but their friend is Miss White, the wonder-

ful missionary. She has served faithfully and well her Master in missionary work and has seen the Chinese mission grow from a small provincial work to a great national force.

Miss White is peculiarly Wesleyan's own because when she returned to China in March she left from Wesleyan her adopted home and only "loved one" in this country.

The Portal of Wonderland is a beautiful story told in a delightful way. The style is peculiarly the author's own and fits like a glove the subject matter.

It starts with the history of the founding of Wesleyan and shows how vitally connected with its beginning, Alice Culler was from her birth.

As a student at Wesleyan she is shown to be very much the same kind of girl that Wesleyan is turning out to-day, earnest and thoughtful, yet given to pursuing forbidden thoughts during scholastic hours, as the author admits.

Then Mrs. Cobb grew into a beautiful and talented young woman, and a great

sorrow at the budding of her womanhood softened her already sweet spirit.

She came back to Wesleyan as a teacher, married, and developed into a leader in missionary, educational and social circles in Macon. Miss White relates a charming incident of her conversion to missionary work.

Perhaps one of the most artistic portrayals in *The Portal of Wonderland* is the influence of minor characters who though unseen, contributed to Mrs. Cobb's beautiful life. Among these were her sister, Miss Mitt, her step-daughter, Millie, and her devoted husband. Later her two daughters performed this loving service.

The intimate details of Mrs. Cobb's biography give flesh and blood to the printed pages, and make this Wesleyan daughter walk the stately old halls again with her gentle tread.

As Miss White says in the Foreword to her book: "The Portal of Wonderland is a real biography of a real woman. That woman was one of the South's foremost daughters, and the book has been written to give to her many friends a picture of her life. I have not tried to idealize Mrs. Cobb nor to glorify her in any way; but rather to show her as an altogether human personality—one who struggled and achieved; then was baffled and discouraged; then rose by the help of friends to struggle on; and finally passed out of life like a true and faithful soldier with her armor buckled on."

No better description could be given of what Miss White has accomplished in this, her love service for Mrs. Cobb and Wesleyan, than this one which she has given herself.

THE SUNSET

The sky is like a lovely garden

In which the flowers dance and nod,

They whisper secrets to the breezes

As soft they touch the fragrant sod.

These clouds are new-bloomed hollyhocks,

So dear to belles and beaux;

Those yonder are the pinks and whites,

That grow down where the brooklet flows.

The colors change, as each new breeze a season brings,

And as the dying winds through all the treetops moan,

Within the garden, now ablaze with royal hues,

The Twilight leads King Night, and crowns him on his throne.

—VIVIAN PINSON.

Catch-All

By SARA JENKINS AND MAMIE HARMON

(THE CATCH-ALL CELEBRATES "OLD JOKE WEEK.")

"Who was the friend I saw you with
at Person's yesterday?"

"That wasn't my friend, that was
my room-mate."

* * * * *

Which had you rather do—or have
a date?

* * * * *

Don't you sit with me in French?

Don't take French.

Neither do I—it must be two other
girls.

* * * * *

President of Student Council: "Are
you the defendant?"

T. K.: "No, I'm the Junior who met
boys at the Pharm."

(We can't remember any more old
jokes. You can remember the rest for
yourselves.)

* * * * *

TO A ROOM-MATE.

I know a lot about you dear!
When you were seventeen—but there
I'll not tell that—altho it's true.
Things I could tell, never fear,
To tell them would be hardly fair
Since I, you see, have roomed with you.

I know a lot about you dear!
When you were older grown—but there
I'll not tell that. If they are true
The things I could tell you'll not fear
I will. You know I'd hardly dare
Since you, you see, have roomed with
me.

* * * * *

Speaking of dumbness, I know a girl
so dumb she thinks a taxidermist is a
man who drives a taxi.

I rushed upstairs and to her door
And madly tore my hair
I knocked and yelled and screamed and
—(no it's not allowed)

No use, she wasn't there
And when I'd gotten mad all o'er
I learned by looking one time more
I'd gotten off on the—wrong floor.

* * * * *

Now at Cornell . . .

Dr. Greene: (in discussing the suf-
fix "ish") "What would you call a per-
son who cuts chapel?"

M. K. R.: "Foolish."

* * * * *

One day

Being inspired by
That thing in the air which folks say
Is spring
'Cept that it don't feel spring-y
I decided I'd take a swim
And having no more than
Gotten splashed good, and before
I could take one stroke
In my best dog paddle style
I was assailed
As by a whale
Yea, attacked and embraced from the
rear

And before I could swallow my heart
Plus half the pool
And calm my flutters of excitement
It gurgled out—
"You're too—fat for this carry!"
So, strangled and angered,
I went my way home
Bearing in my heart an eternal grudge.
Against— ? —life-savers.
We thank you.

BALLADS

(Continued from page 20)

found. "The noblest outcome of popular lament, however crossed and disguised by elements of other verse, is 'Sir Patrick Spens.' The incremental repetition and climax of its concluding stanzas are beyond praise." "Johnnie Armstrong" is a lament, but more the last farewell of a hero.

The last type of ballads is the broad-side. It is of two classes; those that are traditional and those that are not. In the seventeenth century, there was a large demand for printed ballads (some of which were written for some special occasion) which were hawked about by peddlers. Now and then a good ballad was made over by some hack writer, and the substance of a lost traditional ballad preserved. The great majority of broad side ballads are non-traditional, however. They are usually composed in ballad stanza, with some few commonplaces of the ballad style, but they are destitute of merit, and not included in the collections of true ballads.

The relations between ballads and metrical romances is one which has been much debated. The romances of those early days are preserved in manuscripts much older than the sources from which the ballads are derived. Most romances, however, are written, composed, while the ballad is sung or told. It seems clear that if a metrical romance were taken from a ballad, the ballad could and must have been circulating around from mouth to mouth before anybody cared to take it down, but as far as documentary evidence appears, the romance is the older of the two. Some ballads may be based upon a metrical

romance, but in general there is no presumption in favor of the priority of the romance. In this case, as with many connected with ballads, the truth lies too far back to be discovered.

"The abiding value of the ballads is that they give a hint of primitive and unspoiled poetic sensation. They speak not only in the language of tradition, but with the voice of the multitude; there is nothing subtle in their working and they appeal to things as they are. From one vice of modern literature they are free; they have no 'thinking about thinking,' no 'feeling about feeling!' They can tell a good tale. They are fresh with the open air; wind and sunshine play through them, and the distinction, old as criticism itself, which assigns them to nature rather than to art, is practical and sound.

N. B.—The quotations when not credited are taken from *The Cambridge History of English Literature*. First paragraph from Baldwin's *English Medieval Literature*.

H. E. LOWE

EVERYTHING
ELECTRICAL

LAMPS, SHADES
AND FIXTURES

131 Cotton Avenue

AND THE SUN ROSE

(Continued from page 14)

"But we hope to make them well again soon." He turned away from the bed and crossed the room.

Phyllis wondered if her fall had been very serious. How her head thumped! She must stop thinking. At last she slept—a troubled, weary sleep with memories of her fall still crowding through her muddled brain.

When she awoke again the room was dark and still. How hot the air was! Perhaps all of the windows were shut, and the air in the room had become stale. She must get up and open the windows. She raised herself in bed to throw back the covers.

"You mustn't do that, you know." A cool hand stopped her. She recognized the voice of the young doctor.

"But the room is so hot," she insisted.

"Hot? Well, perhaps so. I'll open one of the windows, but you must promise to lie still while I do it."

"I promise."

He opened a window and the sunbeams flooded the room with light.

"Tell me, how did I get here?" she asked when he had come back and settled in a chair by the bed.

"I brought you here, little lady."

"Oh! I hate to be called little lady."

"But you see I do not know your name."

"My name is Phyllis Day, and I live in New York. I was only spending the week-end here at the hotel. How soon will I be able to go?"

"Not for a long time yet."

"Am I hurt badly?"

"You might as well know the truth, Miss Day,—Dad says that you will never walk again."

"Never—walk—again!"

"That is what he says, but, of course, he will try his best to cure you. I believe, Miss Day, that you can be cured and that you will some day walk again."

Never walk again—the best runner in school, the pride of the Junior class and now—she would not only never run again, but she would never walk again, not even one short step. Phyllis turned over and cried out her sorrows to the pillow.

* * * * *

A few days later her father, Mr. Thomas Day, arrived and tried to brighten her weary days. Soon she was able to sit in her rolling chair upon the porch. Jack Frankfort became interested in her and often took her buggy riding. Early each morning he would hitch up the two best horses in his father's stable and they would spend the morning riding slowly down long country lanes.

One morning they had been riding a little longer than usual and were resting by a narrow brook before starting for home. Phyllis had brought some sandwiches, and Jack had borrowed some apples from a tree near the roadside. The horses were tied by the side of the stream. Not another human being was in sight.

Suddenly the two were surprised by a loud bark. The owner of the bark, a big, shaggy, brown dog, came dashing from the woods and rushed toward the horses. Jack jumped at the reins of the stamping, frightened beasts. Fire-fly, the favorite and wildest of the Frankfort's horses, pulled at his halter. The dog darted about between the horses' legs, barking furiously. A farmer with a

(Continued on page 40)

RIALTO THEATRE

MAY 11-13

TAKA CHANCE WEEK

MAY 14-16

TAKA CHANCE WEEK

MAY 18-20

DORIS KENYON IN

"Thief in Paradise"

MAY 21-23

RAYMOND GRIFFITH IN

"The Night Club"

MAY 25-27

RICHARD BARTHELMESS IN

"Classmates"

MAY 28-30

ALICE JOYCE AND

BETTY BRONSON IN

"The Little French Girl"

SUNNY CAROLINA DAYS

(Continued from page 8)

evening swim with Dick. Vitrally alive was Anne Mayer from the top of her shining black head to the tip of her riding boot. And Duane had a picture in his heart, that he knew he would remember always, of Anne on her horse, her soft blouse open at the throat, her hair drawn back gently from her face and hanging in a crispy black plait below her waistline. Anne with bright eyes and glowing cheeks just back from a ride to the village running up the steps with a "Isn't supper ready, Duane? I'm absolutely starved."

But he asked himself could he stop a girl running up the steps and tell her that he adored her, aye worshipped her, and intended to marry her. Stop her when she was ravenously hungry and tell her of love? No, he could not, even if he had forgotten for the moment he was a cripple, and could never tell her. And so he would sit still on the porch, dumbly worshipping the picture she made.

Thus the days flew by of that golden summer and there came a frequent guest to those twilight suppers and cheery breakfasts. Cecelie Blount, the village minister's daughter, was everything sweet and lovely in a mass of blond curls and deep blue eyes. Dick found her perfect. It was very noticeable to Duane that Dick had changed the personality of his heroine from Titian hauteur to blond loveliness. But Duane didn't say anything, he merely watched, his grey eyes amused at a romance to which Anne was blind.

One afternoon Anne had ridden to the village with Cecelie and Dick leaving Duane quite alone except for Tom,

the cook. Duane had insisted upon it, and declared he would be absolutely all right. They placed him in his chair and rode off. Duane had never ceased wondering at the beauty of the spot. He loved to rest his eyes upon the far distant hills and slowly bring his gaze back to the autumn loveliness of the Lodge. The lake was a picture, reflecting the tall trees around it.

The atmosphere had grown strangely close and hot. Duane felt a nervous dread of he knew not what growing in him. Presently he saw it, the innocent looking little puff of cloud in the east had taken an enormous size and was blowing fast. There was a long jagged streak of lightning that seemed to rend the very heavens; and the storm broke. Duane's eyes leaped in exultation. He wanted to laugh aloud, never had the place been more alive and beautiful. Then around one of the curves of the rocky trail he saw Anne riding hard to make shelter before the next break. Would she make it? Duane watched feverishly. But as she rounded the curve near the great tree, there was a bright flash, a swift clap, and the tree shuddered and leaned precipitously towards

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the girl. The cold drops poured down Duane's colorless face and he tried to call out to her, if he could only run to her before . . .

"Anne, my darling, look! Behind you there!" With a great cry he rose to his feet, stepped twice, and fell headlong on the porch exhausted from his mighty effort.

Anne heard that cry, saw him rise, and raced all the faster towards the Lodge and safety.

"Duane, wake up, oh, please wake up, it's Anne. Don't you know me? Oh, my dearest, you walked just a wee bit," she whispered, the tears rolling down her cheeks. Sitting on the floor holding his head in her lap she chafed his wrists, whispering sweet nothings in his ear.

"You walked, Duane, you are going to get well" she whispered tenderly, oh, so tenderly, then he stirred slightly.

Then it was Anne, the nurse, who called for Tom to take him upstairs to his room. Duane regained consciousness but there was no sign of Anne to justify what he thought he had heard her say in his dream. Then he remembered that he had actually walked a few steps, and suddenly he shouted for Anne.

She came running up the stairs, very calm, very efficient.

"Anne, when will you marry me—today—? Surely by tomorrow. You see I'm not a cripple any longer, and I can tell you how much I love you. But you knew that, didn't you? Anne, please say something. What is it, my dearest?"

"O, Dick and I," said Anne hanging her head lower, "you see we've always been such pals, and we promised each other never to marry until the

other one did. I can't, Duane. I've never failed him before and I can't now. When Dick marries . . . perhaps." Anne saw him laughing . . .

"Sol!" ejaculated Duane. He was thinking that that accounted for Dick's glum looks lately. Dick was head over heels in love with Cecelie, and holding back for a childish promise. "H'm, I'll fix that," he mused. "Wonder if I can get out of this bed. I'll see if Duane Nash can't help Dick Mayer with a new plot." He did and settled back to watch developments.

One afternoon Duane was walking up and down on the porch making up for all the time he had lost in the chair, when Anne came out in time to receive a telegram from an approaching messenger boy. She took it, read it, and gasped; looked intently at Duane's back, she gasped again and went in the house.

At supper Duane found a crumpled

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telegram conspicuously near his plate and read—

“Happily married, Anne dear,
Cecelie and Dick.”

and in Anne's own scrawl “Duane—
what *do* you think of that?”

Tom served him his supper but there was no Anne. Duane called but only the silence answered him. Puzzled, he sat out on the steps and smoked, deep in thought. The whistle of the even-
ing-train aroused him, and it dawned on him where she had gone.

Next morning he was up as the sun peeped over the most distant hill and he began walking briskly down the trail toward the station in pursuit of suddenly shy Anne.

Anne was alone curled up in Aunt Caroline's most comfy arm chair smiling softly to herself. “If he doesn't come on the night train, I don't know what I'll do. I have it, if he comes on the night train he loves me, if he comes on the morning train . . .”

He didn't do either, he came on the afternoon train, and was at the door as she spoke.

“Anne,” he held out his arms, “come to me, my dearest, and let's go home.”

But Anne was already in his arms and was pulling him towards the door.

ON ADVERTISING

(Continued from page 15)

present one to automobiles and moving pictures and a few other things like that; but the greatest of all evils in my humble opinion, is signboards. The saints preserve us from 'em, say I.

THE MAGIC PEARLS

(Continued from page 10)

She shook her head, but suddenly she thought of her two pearls. "Yes, I will come," she answered. She sang to them so sweetly that they fell asleep, and when she looked into her pocket there lay three pearls.

The summer months passed and autumn came. The trees dropped their leaves and the flowers tucked themselves to sleep. The little elf had done so many good deeds that her pocket was full of pearls. Yet she was sad because she was afraid she could do no more kind deeds. But during the winter months she found a bluebird lying in the snow. She cared for him tenderly and when the second midsummer eve came, the elf rode her bluebird to meet the Wishman.

"Do you still wish the same thing, little one?" he asked.

"Yes," laughed the elf.

"Have you kept the pearl?" he asked again.

The elf drew out a box made of moss and embroidered with dew. The Wishman unclasped the silver lock and there lay one hundred and eighty-two pearls, all exactly alike. The stars were out when the two parted.

"If you will bring one hundred and

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eighty-three next year," he told her, "you shall have your wish."

The year passed quickly. The little elf went about the world doing kind deeds and the number of her pearls grew and grew. She bound up a butterfly's broken wing, she put a gasping fish back into a pool, she showed a lost child the way home, she put a wee bird back into the nest from which it had fallen, and she showed the bees where the sweetest clover grew.

The third midsummer eve came at last. The little elf set out to meet the Wishman with her box of pearls under her arm.

"Greetings, my child!" he called to her when she appeared before him. She handed him the hundred and eighty-three pearls with a happy heart.

"Now, shut your eyes," he commanded. A moment passed and she opened them and looked about in amazement. Her dress was no longer a dull brown, but was made of a bit of the rainbow; on her feet were tiny silver slippers, around her shoulders was a scarf of moonlight, and on her golden hair was a crown of pearls. Beside her stood a chariot made of sunbeams, decked with flowers, and drawn by seven butterflies. Three hundred and sixty-five fairies, each riding on a gauzy butterfly, hovered near.

"This," explained the Wishman, "is your reward. Each fairy is a day in the year and each pearl is a kind deed done on that day."

When he had finished speaking, the dream fairies came up to her and bowed. There was a golden dream of a mother, a pale green dream of spring, a rose dream of a lover, a yellow dream of sunshine, a pale blue dream of babyhood, a

peach dream of summer, a silver dream of moonlight, a pink dream of girlhood, a crimson dream of autumn, a purple dream of night, a white dream of winter, a silver-gray dream of dawn, a lavender dream of peace. With tears of joy in her eyes, she thanked the Wishman.

"You shall be called Hope," he said and, as the sun sank behind the hills he mounted a late home-going bee and rode away.

And this, dear readers, is how Hope began her mission in this old world of ours.

ROSES

(Continued from page 18)

came in and Sr. Garcia had to leave his sentence unfinished.

Her father was only trying to keep up appearances, thought Vera, and she feared Sr. Penna's departure.

At last the dreaded hour came. Sr. Garcia was left alone with his daughter. With downcast eyes, Vera awaited the outburst of her father's anger.

"My child," said Sr. Garcia in a voice that not even Vera's excited imagination could think angry. He stopped as if at a loss what to say, and then asked with blunt directness. "Vera, would you like to marry?"

"Father," exclaimed Vera in astonishment mingled with disgust.

"Well, you need not look like that," said Sr. Garcia in an authoritative tone,

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"a son of my good friend, Sr. Dias, asked me for your hand this afternoon. I don't see why you should object—"

With the sudden courage that comes at the supreme moment of despair Vera stood before her father. Stamping her foot, she cried with sparkling eyes:

"I will never, never marry him."

"Why not?" asked Sr. Garcia, a little bewildered at the sudden revolt of his daughter.

"Oh, because . . . because . . ." Vera burst out into sobs.

A man is never so helpless as when he sees a woman cry. His daughter's tears made even the dominant Sr. Garcia mutter in an almost apologetic tone.

"But my child, you don't have to marry him, if you don't want to."

"Oh, father, father," cried Vera joyfully throwing her arms about his neck.

On seeing that Vera was happy, Sr. Garcia regained his courage.

"Well, you don't have to marry him," he granted grudgingly. "But," he added in a firmer tone. "You must, you really must write Sr. Dias a note of thanks for the present he sent you today."

"A present, he sent me no present!" exclaimed Vera in astonishment.

"You are mistaken, my child. I saw when the present came. I spoke to the messenger and I know it came from Dias' house."

"I am quite sure," started Vera, but her father interrupted her impatiently.

"You mean to tell me that you did not receive those roses this afternoon?"

"But they— they were sent by—"

"By my friend, Mario Dias."

"Oh . . ." exclaimed Vera suddenly realizing how matters stood. As soon as she had regained her presence of

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mind she whispered in her most submissive tone.

"Father, I will write that— that note," and then she added timidly with a ring of suppressed joy in her voice. "I will— I will marry Sr. Dias if you want me to."

Sr. Garcia was more astonished than ever.

"Why, what made you change your mind? The roses?"

Vera stood irresolute for a moment, then she nodded emphatically, and ran up to her room.

While Vera was writing her school friend, Laura, why Mario did not come that afternoon, Sr. Garcia sat in his arm-chair shaking his head, muttering to himself,

"These women, these women, how vain and childish they are! What a difference a few roses can make?"

Chas. A. Hilbun

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AND THE SUN ROSE

(Continued from page 29)

heavy, old-time gun on his shoulder, ran out of the woods after his dog.

"So you're the feller who's been stealing of my apples?" he bawled at Jack.

Jack turned at the sound of the voice. "Hello there, Piker, how's the crop this year?"

Piker's answer never came; for at that moment Fire-fly's tug did the work, and he plunged straight down the road, in angry madness, toward Jack.

Phyllis, who all this time had been looking on, realized the danger that Jack was in. If the beast struck him it would surely kill him instantly for a wild horse is beyond all control. She must save Jack. She flung herself forward, with only one thought in her mind, to turn the beast aside, and fairly flew at the horse's head, catching the rein in her hands and swinging to and fro.

She only knew that something was trampling on her, that the skies were falling, and the earth was fading away.

When she became conscious again, she was lying under the shadow of an oak with her head in Jack's lap.

"Jack."

"Yes, Phil."

"You were right, Jack, I did walk. You said that I would again some day."

"God knows I wish that you had not!"

"But, Jack, I am glad." She closed her eyes a moment. "Were you hurt, Jack?"

"No, Phil."

"Oh, I'm glad, so glad. Am I hurt very badly?"

"Yes, dear. If only I had been hurt instead of you," Jack groaned.

"But then there would be two useless people instead of one. I was no good to the world, it is better that I should go."

"I shall never believe that."

"But, Jack, you are going to be a great doctor, going around doing good and making folks well, and I shall be proud of you."

He took up her limp, broken arm and put it around his neck. He had to put his ear close to her lips to catch her words. "I will be great some day, Phyllis, and I will be great for you."

"I will be waiting, Jack, waiting."

"And I, Phyllis, shall be loving you every day, and thinking of you."

"I love you. I—"

Jack leaned closer to hear the feeble words. Her fleeting soul paused a moment, and her lips formed the word, "Jack."

And the sun rose and set; the sky lightened and darkened; the flowers bloomed and withered; the world went on as usual; only in the heart of one man had the sun set forever and the flowers all lost their brightness.

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